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larly formed as those of the Giant's Causeway—they are in general hexagonal—they incline from the perpendicular towards the north at an angle of about 17 degrees, the columns at either side leaning towards the centre. The space of ground already opened is about 40 feet in breadth, and 14 deep; the columns appearing at present being about 12 feet in height. It is the opinion of a scientific friend, (as far as he could judge from a hurried observation,) that these columns form probably part of a great whin dyke, running southward from the northern shores of Antrim, and that they will not be found to extend much beyond the width now exposed in view, either towards the east or west. This will, in some degree, soon be ascertained. In the mean time, the discovery of such regular basaltic columns so far inland may form to the geologist a subject of interesting speculation.—*Belfast News Letter*.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

The Galtee mountains, in the county Tipperary, are frequented by a large species of the eagle, which have been an uncommon annoyance to the farmers, in the destruction of their lambs and poultry; there is also a rabbit-warren convenient, which the eagles often visit in search of prey, and kill great numbers, in defiance of every means resorted to for the purpose of destroying them. A few months ago, one of these enormous birds was observed to pounce upon a large cat which was sleeping upon the roof of a thatched cabin, and to carry her off, (taking her, it was supposed, for a rabbit.) The eagle arose right upwards, and the spectators continued to watch him until he soared beyond their sight. About ten minutes after, he was seen to descend, apparently struggling with his intended victim. At last he fell to the earth, not fifty paces from the spot where he lifted the cat, so weakened through loss of blood that he died almost immediately, his throat and breast having been desperately cut in the struggle. The cat was little or nothing the worse.

N.

SINGULAR SAGACITY OF TWO MULES.

About two miles from the town of Ballymahon, in the county of Longford, resides a gentleman, who has in his possession two mules of the Spanish breed. They will regularly go to a pump placed in the yard, and while one applies his mouth to the spout, the other works the handle by alternately raising and depressing his shoulder. When one has satisfied his thirst, he exchanges places with his companion, and returns the service he has received. Improbable as this may appear to some, it is an absolute fact; and the person who gives the account of it, has received it very recently from the owner of the mules, and from several members of his family.

W. C. L.

CHURNING IN CHILE.

In Chile, butter is packed in sheep-skins, with the wool side out, and would be very good in spite of appearances, were it not so much salted. The operation of churning is performed by a donkey. The cream is put into large gourds or dry skins, placed on his back, and then the animal is kept trotting round the yard till the butter is made. In this art they seem not to have advanced a single step since its discovery; for we are told that a countryman some where lost a large jug of cream by carrying it for a distance on a hard trotting horse, which accident led to the important invention of churns and butter. A friend told me that he had presented, some years ago, a Yankee churn to a family residing near the capital, and taught them to use it. So long as it was a novelty they were pleased, but at the end of a few weeks they decided that the donkey made butter just as well, and consequently threw it aside.—*Three Years in the Pacific*.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL TRANSMOGRIFICATION.

A blacksmith lately made out a bill against one of his customers, in which a charge was intended to be made for *steeling two mallets*—i. e. putting steel to the iron points of the instruments. But the son of Vulcan, who had been more used to wielding a sledge-hammer than studying Doctor Johnson, actually wrote the following item: "*To steeling two mad ducks, 2s 1/2*"

THE EXILE'S SONG.

By the side of the Ganges, whose mystical wave
Oft serves as a tomb to the exile and slave,
I mourn, but in vain, for the dear below'd few
That bound me for ever, dear Erin, to you.

In vain does the East all its treasures display,
Or the free Asiatic enliven the day;
My bosom still beats for the dear below'd few,
That mourn'd my departure, dear Erin, from you.

Unchanged is my heart, though my spirit 's subdu'd;
The sunshine of hope, oftentimes will intrude,
And tempt me to sigh for the dear below'd few,
That bound me for ever, dear Erin, to you.

When the woes of the care-worn exile shall cease,
And the mandates of death bring a final release,
O! the last thro' of nature's eternal adieu,
Shall be mingled in blessings, dear Erin, for you.

Farewell, honour'd land of my forefathers' birth;
Dear isle of delight—heaven's favoured on earth!
To thy green mantled bowers and mountains of blue,
Dear Erin, my country! for ever adieu!

J. D.

WOODSTOCK CASTLE, ATHY, COUNTY KILDARE.

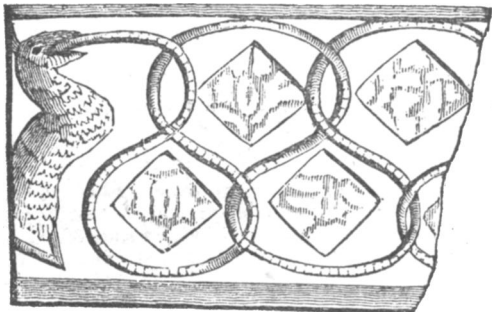
— "Thy walls that rise sublime,
In proud defiance of all conquering time."

Strength and duration in one glance combined,
High thoughts awoken in the soaring mind;
For man, frail tenant of a day, an hour,
Exults in dreams of long-enduring power;
While noble piles, in ancient models cast,
Teach him a sacred lesson of the past,
Bid him bend o'er the gulf of former days,
Or pierce the future with his ardent gaze.—*M. Cross*.

To have the recollection of the days that are long gone over stirred up in our minds, and to dwell upon them with affectionate interest, may appear weak in the eyes of true philosophy. Yet to dwell fondly on the history of scenes that are for ever fled, if it be a weakness, it seems to be one of the most pardonable weaknesses of our nature—a frailty as universal as it is interesting. It is a sobering reflection which we are naturally affected with, and by it the best sympathies of our nature are often awakened. When contemplating the mouldering remains of the edifices of our forefathers, associations press on the mind, linked as they are with the present and the past, that often convey instructions of no ordinary kind. Perhaps the Castle of Woodstock, the subject of our present notice, may be classed amongst others as affording evidence of the justness of this remark.

From its vicinity, Woodstock Castle has partaken of nearly all the changes that befel Athy. Standing on the western bank of the river Barrow, it was designed to command the principal ford on this part of the river, in conjunction with White's castle, situate on the opposite bank, a little lower down—the ford lying between. The time this castle was built is unknown. Tradition assigns it to about the year 1290, and that a descendant of the earl of Pembroke was its first master; whilst our antiquaries, with more reason, seem inclined to attribute the erection of the present structure to Thomas Fitzgerald, lord of Offaley, and afterwards seventh earl of Kildare, who, on marrying Dorothea, the daughter of Anthony O'Moore, of Leix, received in dower the manors of Woodstock and Rheban, in which family it still remains. The plan of the building was originally a regular square; in after times an addition was made to it of a square tower, joining the south side, and built in uniformity with the front facing the river. The walls are of great thickness, and, considering the attacks they have been exposed to, in good preservation. The mullioned windows are much admired, and were elegantly executed. In viewing the interior from what can be collected from the remains, we are struck with the curious arrangements of ancient architecture. A fine arched gateway, and part of the outer court-wall yet remain. Some short time since a stone, of which the following cut

is a representation, was discovered in the ruins, and carefully preserved by Holmes Bigham, Esq., the present occupier of the adjoining land; it is the only piece of sculpture of interest that has, even in a mutilated state, survived, from the barbarous taste of disfiguring pleasure-grounds and grottoes with relics, that can be only useful where they were rendered interesting by time.

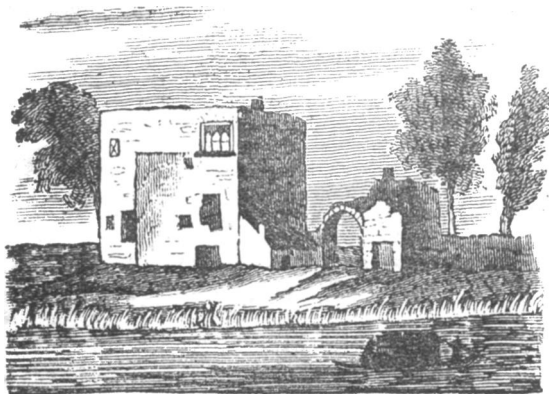


The ford which the castle commanded, and from which Athy derives its name, was called Athleahac, or anciently Athlegar, the ford towards the west; also, Ath-trodan, or the cattle ford. It was here the great battle was fought, in the third century, between the people of Munster and those of Leix, under Laviseagh Cean Mordha.

In 1642, the Marquis of Ormond took Woodstock from the rebels; and subsequently, in 1647, Owen Roe O'Neal surprised it, and put the garrison to the sword; his victory, however, was but of short duration; for Lord Inchiquin compelled him, in a little time after, to surrender it and Athy.

The lordship of Woodstock and Castlemitchell was set by the Earl of Kildare to Daniel Hutchison, alderman, for ninety-nine years, from May 1st, 1657, at 100*l.* the first forty-one years, yearly, and 200*l.* a year during the rest of the lease, with six fat wethers or three pounds.

ENNA.



WOODSTOCK CASTLE.

The writer accidentally met with the following verses, connected with Woodstock Castle, which, he believes, are original, but appear to have suffered much in transcribing:

Woodstock, famed in Irish story,
Raising high its tow'ring head;
Still proclaims its former glory,
Near old Barrow's crystal bed.
O'er its walls, where ivy creeping,
Loves to wave its sombre green;
Forth, beneath the foliage peeping,
Many a sculptured stone is seen.
Where the silken standard flying,
Once its waving folds display'd;
Now the breeze, in murmurs sighing,
Mourns the havoc time has made.
Oft, within those dark recesses,
Perish'd many a chief of old;

While the blood-stain'd floor confesses
Horror's human tongue ne'er told.

Woodstock's lord once lov'd a fair one,
And did court her to his arms;
Daughter of a neighbouring baron,
Blest with beauty's softest charms.

But her sire had pledg'd his daughter
To a gentle knight hard by,
Who with tender love had sought her—
Call'd Sir Kemelin, of Athy.

Vengeful thoughts seized Woodstock's bosom,
When denied the blooming maid;
Yet to none did he disclose 'em,
But his plot in secret laid.

Straight he made him preparation,
Solemn tourney to proclaim;
And forthwith sent invitation
To many a noble knight and dame.

To partake at Woodstock-hall,
Mask and dance, and pageant gay;
All within the castle's wall,
On St. John's high holiday.

Glad some rose the wished for morn,
Rob'd in cloudless golden light;
Loudly blew the bugle horn,
Banners grac'd the castle's height.

And many a lady passing fair,
All bedecked in rich array;
And many a brave knight from afar
Passed through Woodstock's gate that day.

Ah! who is he whose vernal cheek
Blossoms high in health and beauty's pride;
Whose blue eyes, love's soft language speak
To the fair lady by his side?

'Tis Kemelin—flower of chivalry—
And Eva with the golden hair;
Of Rheban's youth the bravest he,
And she the Curragh's maid most fair.

Festive mirth, its joys imparting,
Beamed around the splendid scene;
Till at midnight hour departing,
Hied them o'er the distant green.

"Kemelin," quoth Lord Woodstock, "stay
With thy lady here this night;
False Tyrconnell may thee betray—
'Tis said he owes thee mortal spite."

"Much I thank thee, courteous baron,
Though my heart ne'er felt dismay;
Yet, to calm this trembling fair one,
Here, beneath thy roof, I'll stay."

Sad and dismal was the hour,
Darker frown'd the low'ring gloom;
When, yielding to a villain's power,
Kemelin seal'd his tragic doom.

From that fatal moment, never
Eva to her friends returned;
Mystic was her fate for ever—
Long the hapless fair they mourned.

But, upon the seventh morn,
Kemelin's floating corse was found,
Down the river's current borne,
Pierced with many a ghastly wound.

Near the river stands a mound,
O'er it the tall poplars wave;
Water-lilies spring around,
And this, I heard, is Kemelin's grave.

And still the banshee, wand'ring round,
Loves to raise her plaintive song;
When each swift revolving year,
Brings the feast of good St. John.

T. FRENCH.

DUBLIN:

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